

CASEY THE INVENTOR

HARRY L. NEWTON'S

One-Act Comedy Sketches,
Monologues and
Dramatic Episodes

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CASEY THE INVENTOR A Vaudeville Comic
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WHAT EVERY WOMAN THINKS SHE
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Estelle Williams, } College Chums

Two schoolmates meet, not having seen each other since leaving college. The talk over old times is very amusing. Naturally, they talk over the good and bad points of other mates, although neither believed in "running down" their neighbors. While in college they had agreed never to marry without consulting the other, but time changes matters and they both fall in love with the same man. Nothing could bring discord to these two loyal friends—but—the man—makes a change, and, womanlike, they abuse each other with the tongue. It turns out that the man marries one of their despised mates, so nothing is left but to console each other by ridiculing the man's choice.

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New York

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CASEY THE INVENTOR

A VAUDEVILLE COMIC

By

HARRY L. NEWTON

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CHARACTERS.

CASEY—In search of a job.

MRS. FAIRDAY—Seeking a chauffeur.

Time of playing—About fifteen minutes.

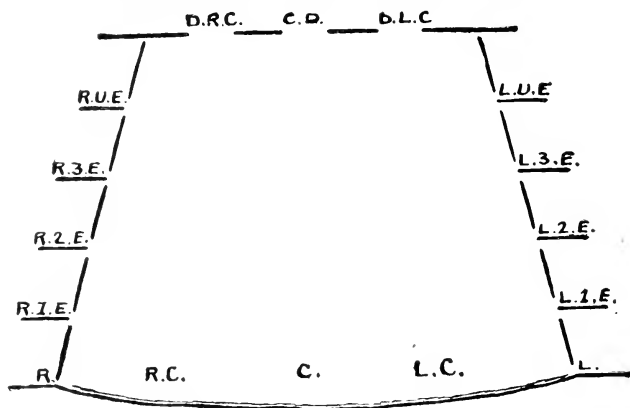
SCENE—Handsome parlor in Mrs. Fairday's residence. Table R, on which is a telephone.

COSTUMES.

CASEY—Black suit, much the worse for wear; old silk hat; green ties and socks. Speaks with strong Irish brogue.

MRS. FAIRDAY—Handsome afternoon gown.

DIAGRAM OF STAGE.



AUDIENCE.

- L. 1 E.—Left first entrance.
- R. 1 E.—Right first entrance.
- L. U. E.—Left upper entrance.
- C.—Centre of stage.
- R. C.—Right centre of stage.
- L. C.—Left centre of stage.
- C. D.—Centre door.
- D. R. C.—Door right centre.
- D. L. C.—Door left centre.

CASEY THE INVENTOR.

A Vaudeville Comic.

By HARRY L. NEWTON.

(At rise of curtain Mrs. Fairday discovered at telephone.)

MRS. FAIRDAY (in phone)—Hello! Hello! Employment office? Oh, this is Mrs. Fairday. My chauffeur has left me, and I want you to send me another. Do you hear me? Chauffeur, I said.

Enter Casey, C. Stands just inside door.

MRS. FAIRDAY (*Still speaking in phone*)—Hello, Hello!

CASEY—Hello yourself.

MRS. FAIRDAY (*In phone, not appearing to notice him*)—I can't hear you.

CASEY (*Raising voice*)—I say, hello yourself, ma'am.

MRS. FAIRDAY (*In phone*)—Hello! Hello!

CASEY—For the love of Mike, hello!

MRS. FAIRDAY—Say, will you please talk a little louder? I can't hear you at all.

CASEY (*Aside*)—B'gorry, that woman must be awful deaf. (*Puts a hand to his mouth and shouts at her*): Hello, hello! Now can yez hear me?

MRS. FAIRDAY (*Impatiently into phone*)—Please stand closer and speak louder.

CASEY (*Aside*)—Ah, the poor woman. She has no ears at all, at all. (*Moves closer to her.*)

MRS. FAIRDAY (*Into phone*)—That's better.

CASEY (*Aside*)—I'm glad you like it.

MRS. FAIRDAY (*Into phone*)—Now speak up; don't be afraid.

CASEY (*Puts both hands to mouth and yells*)—How do ye do, ma'am?

MRS. FAIRDAY (*Lets receiver fall and jumps in surprise to her feet, whirls about on him; he falls to floor*)—For goodness sake! Where did you drop from?

CASEY (*On floor*)—Oh, not far.

MRS. FAIRDAY—You certainly got here quick.

CASEY—Yes, but I got here quicker (*Sitting up*).

MRS. FAIRDAY—I was just this minute telephoning for you.

CASEY—I'm glad I came. (*Slowly rises to feet, with one hand on seat of trousers.*)

MRS. FAIRDAY—Won't you sit down?

CASEY—Thank ye kindly, ma'am, I just sat down.

MRS. FAIRDAY (*Laughs, then crosses to sofa and sits*)—Come and sit here with me.

CASEY (*Facial mugging; aside*)—B'gorry, I've made a smash on her. (*Comedy walk to sofa and sit.*)

MRS. FAIRDAY—I hardly expected you so soon.
(*Smiles at him.*)

CASEY—No, ma'am. I'm more often sooner than expected.

MRS. FAIRDAY—And your name?

CASEY—Michael Casey, ma'am.

MRS. FAIRDAY (*Smilingly*)—Oh, what matters?
A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

CASEY (*Rising angrily*)—It's none of your business how I smell!

MRS. FAIRDAY (*Smiling and pulling him down*)
Don't be angry, Mr. Casey. I was merely quoting.
My name is Mrs. Fairday.

CASEY—Well, don't blame me; I never met ye before.

MRS. FAIRDAY (*Laughs*)—How witty you are.

CASEY—I'm not dipsy. (*Aside*): B'gorry, she's bughouse!

MRS. FAIRDAY—I suppose you are aware of the purpose of your visit here?

CASEY—Sure, what is it?

MRS. FAIRDAY—Why, you are to be my chauffeur.

CASEY—Am I?

MRS. FAIRDAY—Certainly.

CASEY (*Slyly mugging and edging closer to her*)
—Oh, ma'am, this is so sudden!

MRS. FAIRDAY (*Moving away from him*)—You needn't begin work so soon, Mr. Casey.

CASEY—Oh, I don't belong to the union. I can work overtime if I want to.

MRS. FAIRDAY—Well, you wait till the whistle blows. Now in the first place, what experience did you ever have?

CASEY—Experience?

MRS. FAIRDAY—Yes, of course. You worked for somebody, did you not?

CASEY—Sure, ma'am. I worked for ten people in one week.

MRS. FAIRDAY—Well, that's going some.

CASEY—Yes, ma'am.

MRS. FAIRDAY—Besides your duties as chauffeur, you will be expected to answer the bell.

CASEY—I thought you said the whistle blew.

MRS. FAIRDAY—No, no; you must answer the bell.

CASEY—What shall I tell the bell.

MRS. FAIRDAY (*Impatiently*)—You don't tell the bell anything. When visitors come they ring the bell; you go to the door, ask for their card and bring it to me.

CASEY—Oh, is that the gag?

MRS. FAIRDAY—Yes. And now you understand? (*Bell rings off C.*) There's the bell now.

CASEY (*Rising*)—All right; I'll go fetch it to ye.

MRS. FAIRDAY—You go and answer the bell.

(Casey does eccentric walk to door C. and *exit*. Enter with tray. He stubs toe and falls to floor, then scrambles on hands and knees to sofa, gets behind it and peeks out.)

MRS. FAIRDAY—For gracious sake! What is the matter?

CASEY (*Cautiously coming from behind sofa and rising to feet*)—Did ye see 'em, ma'am?

MRS. FAIRDAY—Why, I saw no one.

CASEY—B'gorry, there was an awful crowd of 'em out there. I killed 25 of them, and the other 45 run.

MRS. FAIRDAY (*Looks all about*)—Where are the ones you killed?

CASEY—They was ashamed to be seen for lettin' one man kill them, and they all got up and run after the other 55.

MRS. FAIRDAY—Hold on. You said 45 a moment ago. You're telling an untruth.

CASEY—Well, ye ought to be ashamed of yourself, makin' me out a liar for five men.

MRS. FAIRDAY—Well, who was at the door?

CASEY—A man with a letter.

MRS. FAIRDAY—Well, give it to me.

CASEY (*Hands her letter*)—Yes, ma'am.

MRS. FAIRDAY (*Taking letter and tearing open envelope*)—Why, it's from my mother.

CASEY (*Looking over her shoulder at letter*)—Why, so it is. My, what a bad lot of writing.

MRS. FAIRDAY (*Indignantly*)—How dare you! My mother knows more in a minute than you'll ever know. I won't listen to one word against my mother. Do you understand, sir? My mother was a lady!

CASEY—Your mother was a lady?

MRS. FAIRDAY—Yes, sir; my mother was a lady!

CASEY—Well, what do you think my mother was, an incubator?

MRS. FAIRDAY (*Laughs*)—Oh, well, we'll not quarrel.

CASEY (*Picks up a photograph from table*)—B'gorry, look at the dude.

MRS. FAIRDAY—Stop! You mustn't call that gentleman names.

CASEY (*Laughs*)—B'gorry, he looks like a lobster.

MRS. FAIRDAY—He may be a lobster, but that's all.

CASEY—Well, ain't that enough.

MRS. FAIRDAY—It's very evident to me that you don't know what a lobster is.

CASEY—Maybe not. What's a lobster?

MRS. FAIRDAY—A lobster is a gentleman who has plenty of money, spends it freely and scatters it everywhere.

CASEY (*Pulling out empty pockets*)—What do you think of that?

MRS. FAIRDAY—What do I think of what?

CASEY—I haven't got a cent. I must be a crab.

MRS. FAIRDAY (*Laughs*)—Very good, Mr. Casey. Sit down again and tell me something of your past life. What was the most exciting time you ever had?

CASEY (*Sits beside her*)—Well, ma'am, last summer I went out shootin' ducks. It was quite a warm day, about 248 in the shade.

MRS. FAIRDAY—I should call that rather warm. Did you say 248 in the shade?

CASEY—I'm speakin' nothing but the truth, ma'am.

MRS. FAIRDAY—Why, the very idea! 248 in the shade! You would have been sunstruck.

CASEY—I kept out of the sun, ma'am. I was in the shade all the time.

MRS. FAIRDAY—Well, go ahead. What happened?

CASEY—Well, ma'am, as I was walkin' along I saw a lake, and in this lake was a million and three ducks.

MRS. FAIRDAY—One million and three ducks! Are you quite sure you are telling me the truth?

CASEY—Sure. You don't suppose I'd lie for three ducks, do ye?

MRS. FAIRDAY—No, of course not. "Two hundred and forty-eight in the shade," and a "million and three ducks!" Go ahead.

CASEY—Well, I raised me trusty gun and aimed it at them million and three ducks. And what do you think?

MRS. FAIRDAY—I haven't the least idea. What happened?

CASEY—The weather suddenly changed to 197 below zero. The million and three ducks got their feet frozen in the lake, I fired my gun, and—

MRS. FAIRDAY—Killed the million and three ducks?

CASEY—No, ma'am. They all flew up in the air and took the lake with them.

MRS. FAIRDAY (*Laughs*)—Oh, come now. You don't expect me to believe that, do you?

CASEY—Sure I do, ma'am. B'gorry, I kin show ye the hole in the ground where the lake was, any-time ye say.

MRS. FAIRDAY (*Laughs*)—You can certainly tell some interesting experiences, can't you?

CASEY—Yes, ma'am.

MRS. FAIRDAY—Know any more?

CASEY—As many as ye like. One time I was out huntin' bear—

MRS. FAIRDAY (*Interrupts*)—And you saw five million, I suppose?

CASEY—No, ma'am; only one.

MRS. FAIRDAY—Well, that sounds more like a reasonable amount. Go ahead, I'll listen.

CASEY—Well, ma'am, I came across a bear, and just as I was about to shoot, the bear knocked the gun out of me hands, and I started to run.

MRS. FAIRDAY—Yes, yes, go on.

CASEY—I did then—like the devil. Well, to make me story short, I ran for a hundred miles and ten feet, then I stopped.

MRS. FAIRDAY—Well, I should think you would. Anyone that runs a hundred miles, to say nothing of an extra ten feet, would have an inclination to stop.

CASEY—All of a sudden like, I remembered that I had a knife in me pocket, I pulled out me knife, and—

MRS. FAIRDAY— (*Interrupts*)—And you killed the bear?

CASEY—No, ma'am, the bear killed me.

MRS. FAIRDAY (*Laughs*)—Well, you're nothing if not original. What is the next best thing you do besides prevaricate?

CASEY—And what's that?

MRS. FAIRDAY—To prevaricate means to stretch the imagination. To invent, so to speak.

CASEY—Oh, I got ye. Invent. Sure, I'm that, too.

MRS. FAIRDAY—You mean that you are an inventor?

CASEY—I am that same.

MRS. FAIRDAY (*Laughs*)—Well, what did you ever invent besides fiction?

CASEY—I invented a net for an airship. If the airship should lose its balance and fall, the net would catch it.

MRS. FAIRDAY—Splendid idea! But what holds the net up?

CASEY (*Scratches head, puzzled*)—B'gorry, I never thought of that, ma'am.

MRS. FAIRDAY—Anything else wonderful you've invented?

CASEY—Sure. I've invented a bullet-proof suit of clothes.

MRS. FAIRDAY—Ah, that sounds more reasonable. Are you sure your suit of clothes is bullet-proof?

CASEY—Sure. I put it on a man and fired twelve shots from me revolver at him, and at the twelfth shot he was still standin'.

MRS. FAIRDAY—Wonderful! But perhaps your bullets didn't hit the man.

CASEY—They didn't. That's the wonderful part of my invention. You can't even hit the clothes.

MRS. FAIRDAY—Oh, you're a humbug.

CASEY—I invented another thing, ma'am.

MRS. FAIRDAY—What is it this time?

CASEY—A compass to put on a dill pickle.

MRS. FAIRDAY—A compass to put on a dill pickle?

CASEY—Yes, ma'am.

MRS. FAIRDAY—And pray, what is the idea of a compass on a dill pickle?

CASEY—When you bite the pickle ye can tell which way it's goin' to squirt.

MRS. FAIRDAY (*Laughs*)—Well, that's a great idea. Anything else you've invented?

CASEY—Sure.

MRS. FAIRDAY—What is it this time?

CASEY—I invented a button for use on a railroad.

MRS. FAIRDAY—Please explain.

CASEY—Two trains are comin' toward each other on the same track; awful collision bound to occur; I press the button; one train leaps 50 feet in the air, and the other remains on the track.

MRS. FAIRDAY—Yes, but what becomes of the train that leaps 50 feet in the air?

CASEY—I am not responsible for the train after it leaves the track.

Song for Finale.

NOTE.—*This Act may also be used as a Talking Act in one, if so desired, by omitting opening.*

CURTAIN

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While the trapper is seeking his child his aged father dies at home, and the daughter afterwards returns to her father's cabin only to die on its threshold. For all this, vows the trapper, the other must die, but just as the much-wronged man is about to put his threat into execution, the younger, realizing that he is the son of the wrongdoer, declares himself just in time to save his life.

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Finally her father, Colonel Warren, a typical southern gentleman of the old school, calls on Clayton to persuade him to leave the country or in some way to break off the infatuation of his daughter. Louise learns of this visit of her father and also calls at Clayton's rooms to warn him as she fears her father may do him some harm. Clayton promises to disillusion Louise and assumes the disguise of Clayton's servant, and after hiding Colonel Warren, admits Louise to whom he paints Clayton as the most lewd villain.

Finally Colonel Warren appreciates the sterling qualities of Clayton, and the sacrifice he is making, enters the room and tells Louise, Clayton is only acting, and is in reality all she had imagined him to be—her ideal.

He consents to their union, and all ends felicitously.

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Jack discovers Flora in his rooms and mistakes her for Tottie. Flora keeps up the deception and some very smart dialogue ensues.

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